Dolly's Doings
Father Tuck's
TINY TOTS'
Series
Printed in Bavaria

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

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LOS ANGELES

Dolly's Doings.

It's dearest dolly's washing day,
So I must get a tub.
I've no time left to talk or play,
But I must rub
and scrub,

And blue and starch
her things so fine

The same as Nursie
does to mine.

When darling dolly's clothes are clean,
And dried and ironed out,
Then we'll run to the fields so green,
And dance and play about.
But I'll great care of dolly take
Lest she her frock
should dirty make.

These four little people play the whole day through,

It's holidays so they've nothing else to do.

A Sad Accident.

There on the ground she lies,
Poor Dolly, Dolly Dimple,
While little mother cries,
"How could I be so simple

As to let you fall, my
dear,
You are badly hurt I
fear."

Playtime.

When lessons are done, then out we run
To meadows and woods so green,
Such games we play till the end of day,
No happier children seen.

You Beautiful Butterfly
How quickly you flutter by.

A Little Tale.

I'll tell you the tale of a tiny maid
Who lost herself in an elfin glade,

Into the wood she wanted to go
All by herself, but Mother said "NO!"

However she went one afternoon,
And lost herself in the forest soon,

Then she sat down beneath a fir
And a rabbit came and peeped at her.
Yet was it a rabbit she saw — why no,
'Twas Mother, Mother who loved her so!

Father Tuck.

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